

Betrayed

by NarutosFangirl4ever

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Summary: When Hiccup kills his first dragon, he has no choice but to leave Toothless in the clearing. After some time, Toothless meets a new, younger boy whose village trains dragons instead of killing them. Now, Toothless must make the ultimate choice: Hiccup or his new friend? ON HOLD

1. Chapter 1

The large doors opened. Hiccup took a deep breath as the Monstrous Nightmare stepped forth from its prison. Axe and shield in hands, Hiccup charged at it, sending a war cry he never had before. The crowd roared in excitement as Hiccup slashed a gash across the Nightmare's face, blinding it on one eye. The Nightmare growled and sent a blast of fire towards him. Hiccup rolled to the side and slashed at its face again, this time on the cheek. The Nightmare snapped at him, but Hiccup jumped and clambered onto the dragon's head. The Nightmare tried to shake him off, but Hiccup hung on. He stabbed into the Nightmare's head, trying to crack the skull and attack the brain. Again and again the Nightmare tried its hardest to shake him off, but Hiccup still hung on, even with his shield in hand. That was then he got an idea. He stuck his axe into the Nightmare's head and used the shield to crack the skull. It worked, and he tossed it aside. He pulled the axe from its spot and with one last blow, killed it.

The Nightmare's blood spewed all over the arena as the Nightmare took its last breath and then collapsed onto the floor, dead. The crowd cheered, throwing their helmets into the air. Hiccup stood up, once a young lad, now a true Viking. His father, Stoick the Vast would be proud. That night, a huge celebration was held for the newest dragon slayer. People gathered around, shaking Hiccup's hands, congratulating him on becoming a man. Stoick raised a quiet hand for silence. "Now I know that Hiccup probably would have been killed today," he began, "but tonight, our boy Hiccup is now a dragon killer; and a good one indeed!" The crowd cheered and Hiccup blushed.

"Well, I don't know about being good," Hiccup replied, "but I'm happy that I'm like you guys now." But, in his mind, he thought about Toothless, the Night Fury he befriended. He would have to tell him that he couldn't see him anymore.

The next morning, while everyone was sound asleep, Hiccup left his house to the clearing where Toothless slept. Toothless woke up at the sound of Hiccup's footsteps and he rushed up to greet him. Hiccup laughed as Toothless tackled him to the ground and licked his face. "Toothless! Cut that out! You're hurting me!" Hiccup cried, almost dying of laughter. Toothless stepped back to let Hiccup rise to his feet. He smiled; how can he ever leave Toothless? But he had to, because when he killed the Monstrous Nightmare, he became a Viking and Vikings kill dragons. So he sighed and said: "Toothless. I know that we've been friends for a while, but I killed a dragon." Toothless cocked his head to the side; he couldn't quite understand what he was saying. "I'm sorry to say this, but I can't see you anymore. I have responsibilities now for the village. I guess this is goodbye, my dearest friend." With those last words, he hugged his dragon friend and undid everything; the saddle and the tail. He took it and threw them into the water, watching them sink into the small lake. He turned to Toothless, who was staring at him, somehow pleading him not to go. Tears of sorrow started to build up and then he left, not saying a word. Toothless tried to follow him, but without his tail, he couldn't. So, he clambered onto his rock and stared into the sky, wishing he didn't kill that dragon and wished they could stay together.

2. Chapter 2

He waited in the clearing for Hiccup's return for what seemed to be forever. He couldn't hunt due to his missing tail fin and he almost never caught any of the little fish in the pond. Even if he did manage to catch one, it wasn't enough to fill his belly. After a week, Toothless started to starve, his plump belly now shriveling up to the point of his ribs showing through his black hide. He became incredibly sluggish and only lived on the fading hope that Hiccup would return. Another week passed and Toothless was on the brink of death. He had lost all hope and was losing the will to live. He wondered what the afterlife was like for a dragon almost every waking hour of the day and wished that his life would end soon.

One day, Toothless was lying in the shadows of his rock, barely breathing. His green eyes were closed and his weak body was almost lifeless. The sounds of pebbles tumbling to the ground made him stir. He weakly lifted his head and opened his eyes. Was it Hiccup coming back to see him in his weak state? He weakly rose to his feet and peeked around the rock. There was a young boy in the clearing, but it did not appear to be Hiccup. This one was shorter and had blonde hair. His eyes narrowed; he was a stranger to him, but seemed nice because in his hand was a big, fat haddock. Widening his eyes and licking his lips in greedy delight, he silently crept closer to the boy. When he got close enough, he snatched the haddock from the boy. The boy recoiled in terror as Toothless ate the fish. It felt wonderful to be fed real food again, and he wanted more. However, when he looked down, the boy was gone.

Panicking, he searched the clearing high and low for the boy, but to no avail. The boy had climbed to the edge of the clearing's top and

hid behind a tree while he was eating. The boy's heart raced as he listened to the Night Fury's wails, but he felt sorry for the poor soul. He had been out in the woods for a week, sent by his father to find a dragon to tame and bring home. He decided immediately to bring him home, even if he couldn't tame him first. Creeping up to the edge of the hole, he gave a slow, gentle whistle. Toothless turned to look at the boy and they stared at each other for a few seconds. Then, Toothless crouched down, ready to try to climb up and out of the hole. He leaped and grabbed the edge of the hole with his front claws. Scrambling to climb up, he almost fell, but the boy wrapped his arms around his waist and attempted to pull him out. Toothless's wings flapped frantically and because of this, he finally got a back foot onto the edge and climbed out.

He lay on top of the boy, gasping for air. After a few moments, the boy crawled out from under him and dusted himself off. He turned to face Toothless, who was staring up at him. The boy took a few steps back, and Toothless took a few steps forward. The boy smiled and walked away, with Toothless close to his heels.

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